11630.b.4
5

THE PASQUINADE.

WITH

NOTES VARIORUM.

BOOK the FIRST.

Ay, 'tis a Cruſt, a laſting Cruſt for the rogues, I would be glad to ſee the proudeſt of them all but dare to nibble at this,---if they do, it will rub their Gums for them I promiſe you.

BAYES.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by C. MOUNTFORT, near the *Royal Exchange.*

M,DCC,LIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE PASQUINADE.

WITH

NOTES VARIORUM.

BOOK the FIRST.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PASQUINADE.

BOOK the FIRST.

O Chief in verſe! O ev'ry Muſes' care!
Pride of each mortal and immortal Fair!

ANNOTATIONS.

Paſquinade.] As it is highly neceſſary that every writer, who publiſhes his works for the inſtruction and emolument of the publick, ſhould write in ſuch a manner as to be underſtood by thoſe of a common capacity, as well as by thoſe, who, as the poet ſays,

——— *Peruſe a work of wit*
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ;

Or, if he does not, as it is highly becoming the ſcholiaſt to make them familiar to ſuch readers, I ſhould think myſelf very unworthy to illuſtrate the following poem, did I paſs over the *name* itſelf; which, tho' ſome Critics may underſtand, I am perſuaded many do not.—Know then, that *Paſquin* was a *Cobler*, who work'd in his ſtall at *Rome*, about the beginning of the fifteenth Century; and, being a fellow of ready wit and a ſatyrical diſpoſition, the people flock'd about him to hear him rally and talk politics, at which he was very expert. After his deceaſe, the ſtatue of a Gladiator being dug up near his ſtall, it was ſet up and call'd *Paſquin*; the *wits*, his pupils, taking it in their heads, in honour to their *dead* maſter, to ſtick their lampoons, ſatires and libels thereon; all which were termed *Paſquinades*. If thou doubteſt, reader, whether this poem was ever hung on the ſaid ſtatue, if thou take a walk to a certain corner of the palace of *Urſines* in *Rome*, thou may'ſt enquire further concerning it.

Line 1. *O chief in verſe.*] The great perſonage here addreſſed, from what we may gather from the following lines, can be no other than Dr. *John Hill*, *Acad. Regæ Scient. Bund. &c. Soc.* and *Inſpector General* of Great Britain.

Whether enraptur'd with *Urania*'s charms,
Or ſunk in *Chloe*, or *Amanda*'s arms;
Whether eternal Bays thy temples grace,
Or thy lac'd *night-cap* well ſupplies their place;
Whether with *Goddeſs*, or with earthly *Qual*,
You ſaunter down *Parnaſſus*, or the *Mal*;
Or, in Philoſophy profoundly wiſe,
You pore intent with microſcopic eyes,

New

ANNOTATIONS.

Lines 3, 4. *Whether enraptur'd, &c.*] Theſe lines ſeem to hint at the amours of Mr. *Inſpector*, who has ſo often celebrated, in his works, his *Chloes*, *Daphnes*, and *Amandas*, all Ladies of quality, whoſe favours, ſome have been bold enough to ſay, have been of the ſame nature with thoſe he received from the Muſes; purely imaginary; but we preſume not to aſſert this opinion, 'till we have ſome authority to ſuppoſe thoſe Ladies as chaſte as the Siſters of *Parnaſſus*.

Line 6. *Or thy lac'd night-cap.*] A night-cap, ornamented with Bruſſels lace, which this Enamorato uſed to wear on particular occaſions, when honour'd in the embraces of *Quality*. ANON:

Line 8. *You ſaunter down.*] Alluding to a *Je ne ſcais quoi* in the carriage of this Gentleman, by ſome virulent writers, called an *indolent waddle*, by others, *a janty Air*. ----Vide *Libitina ſine conflictu*, *Woodward's Letter*, *&c.*

Line 10. *You pore intent with microſcopic eyes.*] From the contradiction this paſſage ſeems to imply to that of another great author and philoſopher, who ſays,

Why has not Man a microſcopic Eye?

It might poſſibly be concluded that ſome miſtake had happened, either in tranſcribing or printing this line; and that our author intended it, *thro' microſcopic eyes*, meaning the eyes, or the glaſſes of his Microſcope: But, if any credit may be given to this Gentleman's diſcoveries in natural philoſophy, we muſt conclude he himſelf is poſſeſs'd of eyes infinitely more diſcerning than the reſt of the Virtuoſi; having found out ſuch animalculæ, and their method of exiſtence, as no other Philoſopher ever did, or ever will, tho' aſſiſted by all the helps of the moſt improved Microſcope, unleſs poſſeſs'd of the ſame kind of eyes: The viſual rays to which are ſo ductile, that they not only are directed from real objects, but from *no* objects at all, ----which accompliſhment alone ſhould ſufficiently eſtabliſh this great man as the prince of Philoſophers, and empower him to correct

and

New worlds diſcover in a *Catharine pear*,
Or monſters animate in four ſmall beer,
Serenely trace their *fundamental breath*,
Whilſt thy grim Lion grinds thy foes to death:
O let

ANNOTATIONS.

and cenſure the reſearches of others: As we muſt own the eye that can *ſee* what is *inviſible*, is certainly more able to explore the ſecrets of nature than that which can ſee only *what is to be ſeen*.---I find no reaſon therefore to vary the reading in the text.

Line 11. *New worlds diſcover in a Catharine pear.*] Among the philoſophic reſearches hinted in the preceding annotation, take the following, made by this Gentleman on a rotten pear.---

"It was but a very ſmall portion of the covered ſurface of the pear that could be brought "within the area of the Microſcope, but this appeared, under its influence, a wide extent "of territory; varied with hills and lawns, with winding hollows, open plains, and "ſhadowy thickets." INSPECTOR.

A very material objection indeed ariſes againſt our author, in reſpect that he calls it a *Catharine Pear*; as this philoſopher in his preamble to the experiment, expreſsly ſays, it was a *French* Pear, in which we cannot think him miſtaken, as he took ſuch particular notice of the ſaid pear; for, ſays he, it was cut by a perſon very fond of Pears, who out of that exceſſive fondneſs eat a thin ſlice, and reſerved the reſt to another opportunity: That he cried *Pah!* at ſeeing it again when rotten, and that it was cut at the largeſt end.---*Vide Inſpector* 332. So that from theſe circumſtances we muſt remark this, as an error in our author.

Line 13. *Fundamental breath.*] Alluding to an animal, which this profound enquirer into nature diſcover'd, whoſe organs of reſpiration are ſituated in its fundament; and which continually ſwims with its head under water, and its tail above, for fear of being drown'd. A very ſingular kind of creature it muſt be own'd; and it is preſum'd a very clean one: As to no other part of its body are aſſign'd the offices which we ſhould readily ſuppoſe were thoſe of the part mentioned. *Vide Inſpector*, 393.

In this paſſage our author, like other great writers, it muſt be confeſs'd, doth not pay the ſtricteſt regard to hiſtorical truth: As the monſter, here ſpoken of, is not ſaid to be engender'd in *ſmall beer*; but was the polite inhabitant of *Kenſington*.

Line 14. *Whilſt thy grim Lion grinds thy foes to death.*] Our author ſeems here to have an eye to a very curious piece of hiſtory, in the *London Daily Adverti ſer*, of *January* 8, 1752, which runs thus:

"We hear from the *Bedford Coffee-Houſe* in *Covent-Garden*, that an unhappy Gen-"tleman of that neighbourhood, having yeſterday morning in wantonneſs, thruſt his "head into the mouth of the Lion that reſides there, felt the jaws unexpectedly cloſe up-"on him: On this, enquiring with a hollow voice, whether he ſhook his tail, and "being anſwered in the affirmative, he begged the by-ſtanders to pray for him. A ter-

"rible

O let my humble verſe attention claim;
Nor deem the friend beneath the Poet's name.

Bleſt in thy own *inſpectatorial* ſtile,
You nobly ſcorn to hear the numbers toil,
To ſee them fetter'd down to mood and tenſe,
And groan beneath the infirmity of Senſe,
Void of Politeneſs, Elegance and Eaſe.
Ah! what is *Meaning* when compar'd with theſe!

ANNOTATIONS.

" rible craſh was immediately after heard, and notwithſtanding the uncommon reſiſ-
" ſtance of the ſkull, it is credibly reported, that the teeth met through it. He was im-
" mediately after conveyed home, but his Surgeons are afraid the wounds will prove
" mortal." Dr. HILL.

It is not material to conſider how much *wit* or *truth* is in this paragraph, if it ſerves to give the public a great idea of the ſaid Lion.

Line 17. *Inſpectatorial ſtile.*] A manner of writing peculiar to this great man, which has ſo often been imitated by the ſuperficial writers of the preſent age; and which our author ſeems to ſpeak of as inimitable. The reader, if any ſuch there be, who is unacquainted with this ſtile, will conceive ſome idea of it from the following ſpecimens.

—Speaking of a little rivulet or ditch, he ſays, " The tranſlucent waves courſed one another down the light declivity, with an " inexpreſſibly pleaſing variety of form, and a confuſed but very ſoft noiſe of bubbling, " waſhing, and murmuring, *among*, *againſt*, and *along* the inequalities and meanders of " its rough ſides, and various hollows".

Of a pond, he ſays, " The ſurface of the baſon was a poliſhed plane, unfurrow-
" ed by the leaſt motion, unruffled by the gentleſt breeze; the ſetting ſun threw a glow
" of pale ſplendor over one half of it, the reſt was ſilent ſhade".

On weeds, &c. gather'd to one corner of a ditch.—" The freſh breeze had blown
" together into this part of the watery expanſe, whatever floated *on or near* its ſurface".

— How philoſophically exact *among*, *againſt*, and *along*.—*on or near*.—At the ſame time how poetical and florid! *Tranſlucent waves*, *Meanders*, *gentleſt breeze*, *the glow of ſplendor* and *expanſe*. Hence reader, if thou haſt perchance ſeen only the faint imitations of this beautiful ſtile, thou may'ſt conceive a more correct idea of what our author here ſo pathetically laments the want of. Vide *Inſpectors* 311, 393, 429.

How

How then ſhall I for thee preſume to ſing,
For thee, borne high on Fame's tenacious wing,
Loſt to thy ſoft, harmonious, flowing lay,
And curs'd to *mean* whene'er I *ſing* or *ſay*.

Hear then, ye daughters of immortal Jove!
By the ſoft vows of your *Inſpector*'s love,
If not, too jealous of each other's flame,
You ſlight the lover for a rival's claim;
Or, if his gallantry ſuperior charms,
And all the nine, in concert, fill his arms,
Like his familiar *Daphnes* here below,
Bleſſing at once the Poet and the Beau;
Hear and ſupport me in your fav'rite's cauſe,
Inſpire my ſong, and crown me with applauſe.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 24. *Fame's tenacious wing.*] In this line appears our author's commendable ſpirit of modeſty in imitating great men. This expreſſion being evidently taken from the motto on the *Lord Mayor*'s Coach. *Pinnâ metuente ſolvi*, *Vide* State Coach of Sir *Criſp. Geſnine*. Alſo *Horace*'s Ode to *Criſp. Salluſt*.

Line 26. *And curs'd to mean whene'er I ſing or ſay.*] Our author here ſeems, whether ironically or no, I leave to abler critics, to complain of a misfortune which he fears will prevent his ſucceſs in poetry, for no leſs a critic and poet than the great Mr. *Dryden*, ſays;

He who ſervilely creeps after ſenſe
Is ſafe, but ne'er can reach to excellence.

I ſing

I ſing dire faction, and the cruel ſtrife
Of Bards that live, and Bards that write for life;
Of Fidlers, Coxcombs, Harlequins and Play'rs,
Phyſicians, Parſons, Fools, and dancing Bears.

Immortal

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 38. *Of Bards that live and Bards that write for life.*] I am appriz'd that this line may be taken in a varied ſenſe.---Some may imagine, that by a man's *writing for life* is intended his writing for a *livelihood*; and that by Bards that *live* are meant thoſe who live *independent* of writing; as it is expreſſed by this line.

Theſe live to write, and thoſe muſt write to live.

A kind of diſtinction which ſeems to have been handed down from that immortal Philoſopher, Lord Chancellor *Bacon*; who is ſaid to have complained to King *James* the Firſt, leſt he ſhould be reduced to *ſtudy* to *live*, rather than *live* to *ſtudy*. I cannot however think this our author's drift; but that by *writing for life*, he meant, *writing as hard as one can drive*, and that he had in his eye, that part of the old ballad of the *Wife of Bath*,

When Adam *heard her ſay theſe words,*
He ran away for Life.

In which caſe, as *Adam*, according to the tradition, is in Paradiſe, or Heaven, he could not be ſuppoſed to run to preſerve his life; ſo that it is clear our author intended only to convey the eagerneſs of the purſuit of thoſe Bards, who, had the meaſure allow'd, he might have ſaid,

Write AWAY *for Life.*

Line 40. *Dancing Bears.*] The reader is not to take this expreſſion literally, or think the poet celebrates real, *four legg'd Bears*; or that he had any view to the famous *Urſi domeſtici mirabili*, that yielded the *Inſpector* an opportunity of being ſo very witty laſt ſummer, or to thoſe gentle Bruins that now expoſe themſelves by dancing hornpipes in the ſtreets. It is plain he intends no more by the word *Bear*, than as Sir ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR has defin'd that appellation, in his compleat Modern Gloſſary.

Bear,---a Country Gentleman, or any creature on TWO *legs that does not make a good bow.*

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, No. 4.

Neither doth our author proceed only on *precedent*, having alſo philoſophical authority. For *Carolus Linnæus Suecus*, whom I muſt own I have never read,

The

Immortal *Dulneſs*, honour'd on her throne,
Beheld her Empire ſpreading o'er the town;
Deſpis'd the Vacuum of her antient home,
Where whiſtling winds pierc'd thro' the hollow dome;
Forſook the *tatter'd Enſigns of Rag-fair*,
And ſeiz'd th' unfiniſh'd *Manſion* of the *Mayor*.
Here flock'd her ſons, the ſleepy, blind, and dull,
Each vacant brain and ev'ry ſolid ſkull:
Repeated *Io*'s their full joy expreſs'd,
And on the tables ſmoak'd a city-feaſt.
Shrieves, Wardens, Aldermen, their Brothers greet,
And each broad-bottom ſhook its trembling ſeat:
Ev'n thicker Cuſtards did the Cooks afford:
More ſolid Puddings reek'd upon the board.

The loving mother then addreſs'd her ſons;
O children! dear as birth-day Odes or Puns!

ANNOTATIONS.

"The firſt of natural philoſophers, as the world with juſtice ſtiles him, and as he "calls himſelf *Dioſcorides Secundus* in his *Syſtema Naturæ*, declares, that the Man and "Bear differ only as two ſpecies of the ſame genus. He eſtabliſhes in that work one "of his Genera, under the name of *Anthropomorphæ*, that is, creatures having the hu-"man form, and comprehends under it the *Bear*, the *Man*, and the *Monkey*."

HILL.

Line 45. *Tatter'd Enſigns of Rag-fair.*] See *Pope's Dunciad*; on which the *Mythology* and *Machinery* of this poem is, in a good degree, founded.

Line 46. *Unfiniſh'd Manſion of the May'r.*] The Manſion-houſe.---It is not very clear, whether our author intended here a ſatire on the imperfection and ill-deſign of that building, or the ſlow progreſs made in its erection; but very probably both.

Happy,

Happy! thrice happy! am I thus to see
Your fond attachment to yourselves and me:
Nor shall I e'er ungratefully forget,
You scorn'd to make your *Chamberlain a Wit.*
No *Genius* here degrades your solemn meeting.
Right! what has Wit or Sense to do with eating!
O! still be zealous to support my laws,
And share my blessings in the good old cause.

The Goddess spoke, and strait her opiate shed,
And eke her potent Quintessence of lead:
All felt its pow'r, from Marshal to the Mayor:
A double portion fell to *As*----*l*'s share.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 60. *Chamberlain, a Wit.*] On the resignation of Sir *John Bosworth*, late Chamberlain of the city of *London*. Mr. *Glover*, whose distinguish'd merit as a Gentleman, a Merchant, and a Scholar, might have justly entitled him to a much higher post of honour and trust, could not obtain the succession of that important office. ----I have heard some critics condemn this line as a forc'd transposition.--I have, however, no authority to alter it.

Line 64. *Good old Cause.*] A term made use of in almost all cases, and by all parties;---thus a rebellion, and a restoration, and the opposite to both, have been honoured with the same happy and significant phrase.

SCHOLIAST.

Line 67. *Marshal to the Mayor.*] The City Marshal, an inferior office so called, and not the name of a worthy personage, as may be suspected.

Line 68. *A double portion fell to* A---l *Share.*] Sir *C. A.* Knt. and *A----n.* At present remarkable for a very prudent resentment subsisting between him and *Crisp Gascoine*, a Gentleman, who honours every other title he possesses; before the time of whose Mayoralty commences the *Era* of this poem.

Then,

Then, in the chair of ſtate, ſhe took her throne,
And all unanimous the Goddeſs crown.
Long live Queen Dulneſs, hoot her darling Owls,
Long live Queen Dulneſs, ſhout her fav'rite Fools.

When now behold, in glitt'ring pomp, aſcend
A ſiſter Queen, a Goddeſs, and a Friend.

Immortal *Pertneſs*, ſprung from *Chaos* old,
Inconſtant, active, giddy, light, and bold,
Reſtleſs and fickle as her rumbling fire,
Blind as her Mother, *Night*, could well deſire.

Wrought by ſome pow'r divine, in equal pride,
Her throne aſcended by her ſiſter's ſide.

Where hunted Ducks traverſe the muddy ſtream,
And dogs initiate their whelps to ſwim,
Monſters and Fools aſſemble once a year,
And juggling *Hymen* celebrates May-fair.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 75, 76.] See *Pope*'s Dunciad.

This Goddeſs dwelt. Juſt rais'd above the ground,
Her Palace varniſh'd ſilver deck'd around.
Here ſtood her Merc'ry, here ſhe nurs'd her Apes;
Here Magpies chatter'd in a hundred ſhapes;
Jackdaws and Parrots join'd th' unmeaning noiſe
Of Templars, Coxcombs, Prigs, and 'Prentice boys.
Far, hence, the Goddeſs ſpread her kingdom wide,
To *Dulneſs*, as in birth, in pow'r ally'd,
She, from her native *Grub-ſtreet* to *Rag-fair*,
South to the *Mint* and weſt to *Temple-bar*,
Included ev'ry garriſon'd retreat;
Bedlam, *Crane-court*, the *Counters* and the *Fleet*.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 86. *Her palace varniſh'd ſilver deck'd around.*] *May-fair Wells*, beautified in the manner of moſt theatres with lacker'd ſilver, to repreſent gold; a place reſorted to by clerks and 'prentices to perform what they call private plays to as many of their acquaintance as they can crowd in, who come to laugh, and in their turns to be laughed at. It was here Doctor *Hill*, in his younger days, amuſed himſelf in the ſcience of *Spouting*. A ſcience ridiculed by one of their own Bards, in an Epilogue ſpoken at the *Haymarket*.

Nor is our Art to Houſe or Home confin'd,
We rave i' th' Streets, and bellow to the wind.
Stentor *roar'd out one day, down* Drury-Lane,
I'll call thee, Father, HAMLET, Royal Dane.
A Porter, *bleſt with impudence and eaſe,*
Cried, you be damn'd, Sir, call me what you pleaſe.

Line 87. *Here ſtood her Merc'ry, here ſhe nurs'd her Apes,*
HERE STOOD HER OPIUM, HERE SHE NURS'D HER OWLS.
DUNCIAD.

Her

Her Siſter boaſted as extenſive ſway,
Fierce *Broughton*'s bruiſing ſons her pow'r obey,
St. *Giles*'s, *George*'s, and the famous train
Of *Bedford*, *Bow-ſtreet*, and of *Drury-lane*;
Ev'n to the licens'd park her chiefs reſort,
And ſeize the priv'ledge of great *George*'s Court.

Lo, *Dulneſs* now, half-riſing from her throne,
Behold, my ſons, the partner of my crown;
Let my lov'd ſiſter equal honours ſhare,
Pertneſs, immortal Regent of May-fair!

She ſaid. The kindred Goddeſs all conſeſs'd,
And equal honours crown'd each royal gueſt.
Their guardian Virtues in due order ſtood,
Calm *Prudence*; *Temp'rance*, and ſtern *Fortitude*;
Poetic Juſtice held her ſcale between,
And lean'd, by turns, the beam to either Queen.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 99. *St. Giles's, George's, &c.*] I am ſomewhat at a loſs to conceive why our Poet ſhould join the Sons of *St. Giles's*; with the decent, well-dreſſed Critics of *George's*, and the *Bedford*. It is true they may be ſuppoſed equally pert, but I imagine our author has a much deeper meaning. I therefore recommend this paſſage to the Critics, hoping they will give ſome hints to the Printer, againſt another Edition of this work.

Lines 109, 110.] See *Pope's Dunciad.*

Now living Merc'ry Opium out-weighs;
Now ſolid Pudding kicks up empty praiſe.

The crowd, below, each varied impulſe felt.
Part roar and ſing, and part in ſlumbers melt;
Grave Dons and ſkipping Coxcombs fill the Hall,
Theſe ſnore aloud, and thoſe ſtrike up the *Ball.*

At length the Tumult of the night is o'er.
The Dozers ſleep, the fiddles ſqueak no more!
The morning-dawn o'ertakes the *quick* and *dead*;
And home the mighty Drunk are borne or led;
To buſineſs thoſe, to pleaſure thoſe betake,
Theſe born to hoard a *Plumb*, and thoſe to rake.

Thus bear the ſiſter Queens united ſway;
And *pert*, and *dull*, their ſev'ral pow'rs obey:
Alternate Honours nod on either Plume.
And both by turns pre'eminence aſſume.
Hence as one Blockhead ſunk at *Greſham* College,
Another roſe, of diff'rent taſte and knowledge.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 124. *Theſe born to hoard a Plumb.*] A *Plumb* means here, the full ſum of twenty thouſand pounds.

As lov'd of *Portneſs* was her dear *Rom--ne*,
As lov'd of *Dulneſs* is her own *Cock---ne*.
So when one Tutor *Caeſar*'s Heir forſook,
Another tutor read another Book.

Now from their throne they view'd their empire round,
Where ſkim the *ſhallow*, plunge the vaſt *profound*,
In dancing Lyrics ſkip the ſcribbling train,
Or plod in the lame, blank, laborious, heavy ſtrain:
Saw journaliſts leave journals in the lurch;
Others revive the ſcience of the *Birch*,
True ſcribbling Pedagogues uſurp the laſh,
And give, like *Bayes*'s thunder, daſh for daſh;
They ſaw *Guildhall* and *Weſtminſter* agree;
At both brow-beating *C----l* earn his Fee;

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 131. *Dear R-----ne.*] A reverend Gentleman, who, being honoured with the profeſſorſhip of Aſtronomy at *Greſham* College, attempted in his publick lectures to ridicule the *Newtonian* Philoſophy, and bring that contempt on the ſcience which very juſtly fell on himſelf.

Line 132. *Own Coc---ne.*] Succeſſor to the aforementioned Gentleman, who will leave the ſcience and his hearers exactly where he found 'em.

Line 144. *Brow-beating C----l.*] I can't think the mention of this Gentleman here, ſhews any great diſapprobation; as our author confeſſes he *earns* his fee, which is an encomium our pleaders at the Bar, in general, don't deſerve.

Smooth-

Smooth-ſpoken *L---d* with ev'ry witneſs trudge,
And the ſleek *Council* ſpoilt into a *Judge*:
Saw the ſlow Biſhop, with expounding drawl,
Leave poor St. *James* to graſp a richer *Paul*,
Right Orthodox, maintains thoſe equal ſinners,
Who ſlight his ſermons, or refuſe him dinners:
Saw *Newgate*'s Ordinary chatter on as faſt,
As if each ſermon was to be *his* laſt;
Degreeleſs Doctors, regular-bred Quacks,
In Merc'ry and in Opium all go ſnacks:
Saw the *choice Spirits* noiſy Vigils keep,
And ſing their drunken Brethren faſt aſleep:

Blockheads

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 145. *Smooth-ſpoken L---d, with ev'ry witneſs trudge.*] Sir *R. L---d*, alluding to the manner of this Gentleman's pleading, which is, in general, with great mildneſs intermixed with ſarcaſtical ſmiles. His *trudging after witneſſes* alludes to his ſumming up the evidence, and his frequent repetition of *I am inſtructed to ſay.*

Line 146. *And the ſleek Council ſpoil'd into a Judge.*] Juſtice *D---n* eſteemed an able, adviſing Counſellor, which ſtation it ſeems our author thought better become him than his later dignity.

Line 147. *Saw the ſlow Biſhop with expounding drawl*, &c.] Dr. *S--r*, L. B. of *O--d*, of a ſlow delivery in the pulpit.---He left the rectory of St. *J---s*, where he uſed to expound during the winter, for the deanery of St. *P---l's*.---He took great offence at a certain Alderman in his Mayoralty, before whom he preached, becauſe his Lordſhip did not invite him to dinner.

Line 151. *Newgate's Ordinary chatter on.*] The contraſt between theſe two divines is very high;--- the prelate addreſſing the moſt polite audiences in terms ſo homely, that he *who runs may read*, and ſo ſlowly, that he who crawls may keep up with him;—the *Ordinary* telling the moſt ignorant of all wretches, that *Death is an opake Body, that eclipſes the brightneſs of Eternity*, with all the volubility of a School-boy.

Line 155. *Saw the choice Spirits noiſy vigils keep.*] A kind of modern Bacchanalians, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by frequent, nocturnal meetings; called by ſeveral names, ſuch

Blockheads and *Bloods* in Pit and Boxes roar,
Support a Pantomime and damn a *Moore*;
Arraign the traitor *Garrick*'s insolence,
Who dar'd to satirize the want of Sense,
To join with *Popery* and *France*, at once,
In *Powder-plot*, to blow up ev'ry Dunce:
And leagu'd, to rob each free-born *English* skull,
Of *right* and *priviledge* of being *dull*.
Saw Students, Play'rs and Taylors, Casuists nice,
Discuss vague Metaphysics in a trice:

ANNOTATIONS.

such as *Comus's Court*, *British Carnival*, *High Borlace*, &c.—The scene is a mixture of singing, drinking, blasphemy, and noise, as at the ancient feasts of *Bacchus*, among the heathens, and very deserving the satire of a Christian Poet.—Their priests are dignified with the title of *Stars*, and their high priests by *Stars* of the *first Magnitude*; so that it is plain in what esteem this *Pagan* worship is held. *O tempora! O mores!* And yet the bishops, and the parliament take no notice of these things, as if they were not.

J. WESTLEY. *vivâ voce.*

What Mr. *Westley* remarks is undoubtedly very just, that the Clergy and the parliament should look into these outrageous proceedings. But what will that reverend divine say when I assure him, that not only members of that high Court, but even Brothers of his own sacred function are themselves *Bacchanalians?*

Line 158. *Damn a Moore.*] Mr. *Moore*, a Poet of great modesty, and merit, both as a Gentleman, and a writer. His last Comedy, called GIL BLAS, met with very unjust treatment on the stage, for, notwithstanding it had many faults, as he himself allows, the best Critic would not have condemned the Taste of the Town, for giving it more applause than they have bestowed on many less-deserving pieces.---His *Female Fables* are master-pieces of good sense and elegance.

Part

Part *Woolston*, *Bolingbroke* and *Annet* foil,
And hold, unread, *Le Clerc*, *Van Dale* and *Moyle*,
In lukewarm *Middleton* find out a flaw,
Staunch to the *Text* and *Kennedy* and *Law*,
Plain as a pike-staff make the diff'rence clear,
Between a Knight o'th' Post and Knight o'th' Shire.
Others with *Locke* and *Newton* truths dispute,
Still blunder on, and still themselves confute,
Estrang'd as much from Reason as from God,
Mistake *Ontologos*, and kiss the rod;

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 167. *Annet foil.*] A writer, who has publiſhed many pieces, after the manner of *Woolſton*, particularly about the *Trial of the Witneſſes*,---a virulent oppoſer of the Chriſtian Syſtem.---He is now concerned in a periodical pamphlet, called the *Freethinker's Correſpondent*.

Line 170. *Kennedy and Law.*] Two of the moſt ſingular and incomprehenſible writers the world ever produced. Mr. *Kennedy* has wrote an aſtronimcal treatiſe deduced from the *Pentateuch*, in which he prefers the *Ptolomaic* Syſtem as next to that of *Moſes*, and gives Sir *Iſaac Newton*, *Copernicus*, *Tycho Brahe*, and all the reſt to the devil. He ſays, *The* Newtonian *Aſtronomer truckles to the ſuggeſtions of the* Delphean *Tripod, and ſuffers himſelf to be juggled into an artificial computation, by the Ambiguities of a Demon*.---A rare fellow! Mr. *Law* is his equal for he confeſſes he has not his light from reaſon, nor writes to reaſon; he is indeed a ſeraphic writer, and may poſſibly write to celeſtial Beings, for no mortal man can underſtand him.

Line 174. *Miſtake Ontologos.*] The name prefixed to a Pamphlet, which made ſome noiſe laſt winter, and was called, *An Eſſay to prove the Soul of Man is not, neither can it be, immortal.* This piece, tho' intended as a ſatire on the ſceptical reaſoning in vogue, and purpoſely ſtuffed with thread-bare arguments, and worn out propoſitions, was ſwallowed by the Deiſts, who laviſhed encomiums on its author, 'till he vouchſafed to undeceive them by publiſhing as weak a reply in the ſame name, meerly to convince them how little he was in earneſt. It was attacked, however, from the pulpit on both ſides, except from Mr. Orator *Henley*, who delivered an Elogium on its author, remarking at the ſame time, that he had not advanced his ſtrongeſt arguments, for which, however, his ſagacity being at fault, he could not account.

Aim at the mark of ſcience, blindly wiſe,
So fire plump buff-coats when they ſhut their eyes,
Root up Religion, cancel *Good* and *Evil*,
At *Butcher-row*, the *Queen's-Arms*, or the *Devil*.

They ſaw their Bards and Critics all appear:
Dull *Rolt*, long-ſteep'd in *Sedgeley*'s nut-brown beer:

Kenrick

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 180. *At Butcher-row, the Queen's Arms, or the Devil.*] Places where a company of People meet together to diſpute on the ſeveral topics of religion, government, trade, &c. Every perſon, in his turn, having the liberty of ſpeaking a ſtated time, as much, or as little to the purpoſe as he pleaſes.---Sir *Alexander Drawcanſir* has fallen under a groſs miſtake, in ſuppoſing the former of theſe ſocieties to have ſubſiſted ſome ages ago; which conſidering his account is ſo juſt, in other reſpects, is a little ſurpriſing. It is true he might be led into this error from the many abſurd opinions and obſolete expreſſions they make uſe of, but certain it is, it has not exiſted many years, and doth ſtill exiſt,—the fragments he has got *verbatim* are, however, really curious, one of which I cannot help inſerting here.

The Debate, whether Religion was of uſe to Society.---A worthy member on this occaſion got up, and ſpoke thus.

" I ham of Upinion, that relidgin can be of no youſe to any mortal Sole; bycauſe " as why, relidgin is no youſe to trayd, and if relidgin be of no youſe to trayd, how " ist it youſefool to Soſyaty. Now no body can deny, but that a man maye kary on " his trayd very wel without relidgin; nay, and beter two, for then he may wurk won " day in a wik mor than at preſent; whereof no body can ſaye but the ſeven is mor " than ſix: Beſides, if we haf no relidgin we ſhall have no *Pairſuns*, and that will be a " grate ſavin to the ſoſyaty; and it is a *Makſum* in trayd, that a peny ſaved is a peny " got."

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, No. 8.

Line 182. *Dull Rolt, long ſteep'd in* Sedgely's *nut-brown beer.*] Mr. *Rolt*, author of the *Weſtminſter* Journal, in which our author, in the ſame ſentence with Mr. *Fielding*, had been treated with abuſe: Likewiſe of ſeveral poems and pamphlets now forgotten, ſuch as the *Roſciad*, *Cambria*, the *Theatrical Conteſt*, *A Reply to Mr.* Fielding's *Diſcourſe on Robberies*, *A Monody on the Death of the Prince*, and *the Goſſip's Chronicle in the Old Woman's Magazine*. Our author, with much juſtice, has joined in the ſame Line *Ben Sedgely*, of *Temple-Bar*, ſometimes the father of Mr. *Rolt*'s pieces, and who is very

proud

Kenrick, whoſe ſing-ſong verſe the Ladies chuſe,
More honour'd by his wenches than his muſe:
Derrick made fine with *Gentleman*'s lac'd coat,
Ah! wherefore ſoil'd by *Murphy*'s cruel foot!
Jones who intends to live at *Colley*'s death,
So waits the good old *Laureat*'s parting breath;
Has

ANNOTATIONS.

proud of being eſteemed an author, placing himſelf much higher than his predeceſſor *Ward*, a publican celebrated in the *Dunciad*, tho' not poſſeſſed of even half his talents. *Ben* being really a very dull fellow, and remarkable for nothing but emptying a tankard.

ANON.

Line 183. *Kenrick.*] A very young poet, and a pretender to almoſt all kinds of writing. ----- It is the misfortune of this youth, that, unleſs he finiſhes what he goes about in a day or two, the world never ſee it afterwards. He publiſhed a Monody on the death of the late Prince, dedicated to the Counteſs of *Middleſex*. --- His anonymous pieces are numerous, and on various ſubjects. He wrote the two eſſays on the immortality of the Soul, concerning which, ſee note on Line 174. Alſo many other diſquiſitions for the exerciſe of his pen, and to amuſe the dabblers in argument.—His *Old Woman's Dunciad* is an extraordinary inſtance of that impetuoſity of Genius, which tho' redounding little to his honour is very offenſive to his adverſaries.---Mr. *Smart* having adverti ſed an *Old Woman's Dunciad*, and given out, that this writer would ſhare the benefit of his ſatire, he immediately wrote that piece, aud publiſhed it under the ſame title. After which Mr. *Smart* never proſecuted his deſign of publiſhing his poem.---He is alſo the author of innumerable poetical, philoſophical and political pieces, diſperſed up and down in the News-papers and Magazines. It is no wonder, however, he ſhould be ſo indefatigable a writer, as he is perhaps the only one that never takes any pains.

185. DERRICK *made fine with* GENTLEMAN's *lac'd Coat.*] Mr. *Derrick* and Mr. *Gentleman*, both Players and Poets. The former, Author of the *Dramatic Cenſor*, a very *modeſt* work, in which the errors and inaccuracies of all our beſt Poets were to be pointed out. The latter, Author of *Sejanus*, a tragedy, never acted; *Fortune*, a Rhapſody, and ſome other pieces; particularly *Oſman*, a Tragedy, in Manuſcript.

186. *By* Murphy's *cruel Foot.*] *An Iriſhman that has kick'd me*, ſays Mr. *Derrick*. It ſeems this Gentleman, who ſometimes amuſes himſelf with the pen, thinking Mr. *D.* unworthy his reſentment, as an Author, diſciplin'd him in a manner a little too rough for his conſtitution.

Line 187. *Jones, who deſigns*, &c.] A poet, who addreſſed the Earl of *C----d*, when Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, in a copy of verſes, which obtained him the favour of that Noble-

Has made his *Threnody*, 'gainſt Fate ſhall end him;
'Cauſe *Cibber* to the *Bayes* did recommend him:
Tho' here the Laureat's policy is known;
Worſe odes the better will ſet off his own:
Macklin religious, *Henderſon* polite,
Woodward, *The. Cibber*, and the Mimes that write:
With theſe, droll *Howard*, and laborious *Shiells*
With Mobs of *Boys* and *Parſons* at their Heels:
Saw *O----y*, without excuſe for Bread,
Rake up the ſacred aſhes of the dead,
Traduce the mem'ry of his once-lov'd friend,
And brand the honour'd name he ſhould defend:
Saw ſcribbling Stationers, and link'd with thoſe,
The Sons of Novel and poetic proſe;

ANNOTATIONS.

Nobleman, who brought him over to *England*. He publiſhed here a poem on ſeeing the late prince of *Wales*'s picture, of which the publick took little notice. A tragedy alſo of this Gentleman's, called, *The Earl of Eſſex*, has been long expected on the ſtage.

Line 190. *To the Bayes did recommend him.*] Mr. *Cibber*, in a late illneſs, wrote a letter warmly recommending him to the Laurel, expecting hourly his own diſſolution, which Epiſtle the honourable perſonage, to whom it was addreſſed, eſteemed, as it really was, a remarkable inſtance of the Laureat's greatneſs of mind and extraordinary merit.

Line 193. *Macklin religious*, &c.] Mr. *Macklin*, a famous player, and author, particularly celebrated for his harangues on religious ſubjects, at the oratory of the *Robin-hood*.

Line 193. *Henderſon polite.*] Author of an hiſtory of the late rebellion in *Scotland*, and a tragedy never acted.

Line 195. *Laborious Shiells.*] Author of the *Daily Gazetteer*, ſometime ago Amanuenſis to Mr. *Johnſon*. He is alſo author of *Marriage*, a poetical eſſay, and many other anonymous pieces, alſo a great Orator at the *Butcher-row*.

Line 195. Droll *Howard.*] *Harry Howard*, an author and humouriſt, well known at the routs and aſſemblies of *Old-Street* and *Broad St. Giles's*.

Line 197. Lord *O--r--y*'s Life of *Swift*.

Long-

Long-winded *Richardſon*, with *Sm-llet* join'd,
D----y and *Crockat*, puffing in the Wind;
With flattern females traipſing up and down,
Searching adventures, to amuſe the Town:
Saw puerile *Harvey* on a Cock-horſe ride;
With *Gibbons*, *Boyce*, and fifty more beſide
The bawdy-ſcribbling *Knight*, the preaching *Lord*,
And what the ſtews, the ſhops, and ſtalls afford.

All theſe the Siſter Queens, with joy confeſs'd,
For lo! their eſſence glow'd in ev'ry breaſt!
But *Pertneſs* ſaw her form diſtinctly ſhine
In none, Immortal *Hill*, ſo full as thine.
Drinking thy Morning Chocolate in Bed,
She ſaw thy *Daphne*'s neck ſupport thy head,
Saw thee ſlip on thy night-gown and retire
To muſe profoundly by thy parlour fire:

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 204. *D----y and Crockat.*] Mr. *D----y*, Author of ſeveral dramatic pieces. A man of ſome ingenuity, but more lucky in his deſigns, than able to execute them. *W--r--r--n, vivâ voce.*

Mr. *Crockat*, a great deſigner in the literary way.

Line 203. *Sm--llet join'd.*] Author of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, the *Regicide*, a tragedy, and ſeveral tranſlations.

Line 207. *Saw puerile* Harvey *on a Cock-horſe ride.*] Mr. *Harvey*, author of meditations and contemplations, a very *florid* piece.

Line 208. *Gibbons and Boyce.*] Mr. *Gibbons*, by ſome called a ſecond Dr. *Watts*. See his *Juvenilia*.

Boyce, a ſecond Duck, according to the *Inſpector*. He has wrote a Comedy, a ſtrange piece.

By

By turns thy slippers dangling on thy toes;
Slippers that never were disgrac'd from Shoes!
Saw where thy learning, in huge volumes stood,
Part letter'd sheep, part gilt and painted wood;
Where thy lov'd *Antients* in disorder lay,
Daily perus'd, *for Mottos for the Day*;
Thy *Ovid*, *Horace*,, and thy *fav'rite Tully*,
Thy *Ainsworth*, *Bailey*, and thy well-thumb'd *Lilly*.
Saw where thy Maggots, in whole myriads, rise,
Or in thy brain, or in thy dear dirt-pies.

When thus the Goddess of *May-fair* bespoke
Her royal sister. Gentle sister, look.
See where my son, who gratefully repays
Whate'er I lavish'd on his younger days.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 225. *Thy* Ainsworth, Bailey, *and thy well-thumb'd* Lilly.] It will seem something strange, that our author should join these moderns so unluckily with the Ancients; as it is impossible he should himself be so ignorant; and very unlikely the learned personage he addresses should know no better; since he himself remarks on illiterate scribblers. "We shall see the modern Essayist, who has hardly Grammar enough to arrive at Concord, larding every other sentence with some transcript, from an author it is impossible "he should have read, not because it is necessary, but because it is *Greek*, for what he "has been saying in *English*."

It is true, a certain writer, who pretended to take off, or copy the Doctor's writings exactly, did quote *Lilly*, and paum'd the passage upon *Virgil*; but it is impossible to suppose an author, who could censure others in the manner above-quoted, should be guilty of such forgery.

SCHOLIAST.

Line 227. *Dear Dirt-pies.*] Dirt-pies, the preparations for engendering animalculæ.

Whom

Whom ſtill my arm protects to brave the Town,
Secure from *Fielding*, *Machiavel*, or *Brown*;
Whom Rage nor Sword e'er mortally ſhall hurt.
Chief of an hundred Chiefs o'er all the *Peert*!
Reſcu'd an Orphan Babe from *Common-Senſe*,
I gave his mother's milk to *Confidence*;

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 234. *Machiavel, or Brown.*] Our author ſeems here to hint at the plot carried on laſt ſummer at *Ranelagh*, in which Mr. *Brown* was the principal perſon concerned.—Hear the account of the diligence uſed in detecting the Contrivers.

" Warrants were iſſued out on *Wedneſday* night from Mr. Juſtice *Lediard*, and early on " *Thurſday* morning from the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, for apprehending all " the perſons concerned with *Mr. Brown* in the aſſault upon Dr. *Hill*, on *Wedneſday* night " in the paſſage at *Ranelagh*. The officers have been ever ſince in ſearch after them, but " none of them are yet taken. Yeſterday at noon the *Marſhals* of the *Lord Mayor* en- " tered the Chambers which ſome Gentleman had lent to *Brown* in the Temple: But " he eſcaped the ſearch by concealing himſelf in a Coal-hole. About ten laſt night he " was ſeen to go out muffled up in a great coat, and with a handkerchief tied over " his face. Notice was immediately ſent to the city, and the proper officers are poſted to " wait his return. The ſervants of the chambers, while he lay in the Coal-hole, pre- " tended he had early made his eſcape, and was by that time far enough out of reach. " Such meaſures are now taken that it will not be eaſy either for him or any of the reſt to " get off, unleſs they have already anticipated the ſentence of the law by a voluntary " baniſhment. It would be well if the Police of *Paris* were imitated here, and ac- " counts were taken of thoſe who make the appearance, or ſomething which they in- " tend ſhall be like the Appearance of Gentlemen, with no viſible way of living." *H--ll.*

There were ſome people, however, who, knowing the conſequence of this illuſtrious perſonage, imagined the ſcheme for depriving this kingdom of his pen and ſervices, much deeper laid than was generally thought, and that, notwithſtanding the trivial pretence of a private quarrel, the politicians of the *French* King's cabinet were no ſtrangers to the proceſs of this plot. This will appear very plauſible, if we reflect how, on a particular occaſion, the great Mr. *Dennis* was diſturbed by a *French* privateer, hovering about the coaſt of *Suſſex*, in order to take him for writing a pamphlet againſt the intereſt of that Court. How the Doctor was offended at his Chriſtian Majeſty, or whether it be not out of envy to this kingdom itſelf, that this plot was laid againſt its Inſpector-General, I can't determine.

SCHOLIAST.

She,

She, with her own *Ambroſia*, bronz'd his face,
And chang'd his ſkin to monumental Braſs:
This *ſhame* or *wit*, ſucceſsleſs, ſhall oppoſe,
Unleſs, ſo will the fates, they ſeize his noſe.
This luckleſs part the young *Achilles* lick'd,
And tho' he cannot bluſh, he may be kick'd:
Yet ſtill his pen provokes the fates' decree,
In ſcandal dipt, and elemental Tea;
Still he rails on, and, when attack'd, replies,
Recants his own, and blabs his neighbour's lies;
Or, guiltleſs of deſign, as Madmen fight,
Falls foul on friends or foes, or wrong or right;

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 248. *Recants his own, and blabs his neighbour's lies.*] It is moſt ſurprizing the incredulity of mankind, that the word of anonymous authors ſhould be taken before a man's own hand-writing. Dr. *H*--- is accuſed of being a great liar, nay, this opinion has ſo far prevailed, that his own acknowledgment of finding himſelf in an error has been thus cenſured in an Epigram.

What H--ll *one day ſays, he the next does deny,*
And candidly tells you,---'tis all a damn'd lie:
Dear Doctor,---this candour from you is not wanted;
For why ſhou'd you own it?---'tis taken for granted.

Now the Doctor himſelf ſays, *There is no Vice ſo univerſally deteſted as falſehood*, and takes for the Motto of his paper, *Juvenal's confeſſion. I know not how to tell a Lie.* --- Surely, ſurely, thoſe who thus accuſe the Doctor muſt be miſtaken, or the Doctor muſt ſtrangely miſtake his own talents and abilities.

SCHOLIAST.

Humane

Humane to ſpare when forc'd himſelf to run,
As *C-pe* once ſav'd the grateful mother's ſon.

Such is his pen, and ſuch this ſon of mine,
Then ſhed thy Opium, and adopt him thine;
Let him exalted o'er our Empire reign,
From *Shepherd's-market* e'en to *Roſemary-lane*:
Tibbald dethron'd, thy *Dunciad* reign is o'er,
Thy *Gildon*, and thy *Toland*, are no more.

Thus ſpoke the Queen, and pauſing for reply,
Her ſiſter roll'd her broad, lack-luſtre eye,
And thus return'd. O *Pertneſs!* Goddeſs! Queen!
With whoſe my reign has e'er conſiſtent been,
O had thy thought anticipated mine!
So witneſs *Jove* I honour thy deſign!
My Opium then had fill'd his ſhallow ſkull,
And all the *pert* had bow'd with all the *dull*.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 251. *Humane to ſpare*, &c.] It is certainly the moſt convenient thing in life to make a virtue of neceſſity, and conclude, when it is out of our power to revenge, *there is not any thing ſo virtuous, as to forgive an injury.* INSPECTOR, No. 553.

Line 252. *As C--pe preſerv'd the grateful mother's ſon.*] A grave Lady of the Order of Mendicants, craving charity of General *C--pe*, to excite his liberality, pleaded her gratitude for favours received, and poured bleſſings on him for being the preſerver of her Son's life. On which the General had curioſity enough to enquire who her Son was, and how he could be inſtrumental in ſaving his life.---Ah! God bleſs your honour, returned ſhe, *when you ran away at* Preſton Pans, *my Boy run after you, or he would certainly have been killed.* EDINBURGH TOWN-TALK.

But

But ſee my darling ſon, whom I have choſen,
Chief of my Chiefs among an *hundred dozen*,
With Cyder muddled, or inſpir'd with Bub,
In *Newb'ry*'s Garret, or in *Henly*'s Tub,
With Coachmen, Coblers, and ſuch dainty folks,
For Mugs of Porter, pun and crack his jokes;
In ſacred verſe, at my own *Cambridge* riſe,
Write by himſelf and bear from *all* the prize;
As oft *poor Jack* his brother wit hath done,
Ran for a wager with himſelf, and won:
For him the regal Sceptre I deſign,
As worthy thy diſtinguiſh'd love as mine.
Me, he confeſs'd, tho' nurs'd by *Common Senſe*,
Tho' *Wit* and *Genius* held him in ſuſpenſe.
Thy *Hill*, from Gratitude, obeys thy laws,
My *Smart*, from love and rev'renee to our cauſe:
Yet, that due merit meet its due renown,
That he who beſt deſerves may wear the crown,

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 282. *My Smart*, &c.] Mr. *Smart*, a perſon of real and great Genius.
INSPECTOR 350.

It is true, Mr. *Inſpector* gives another account in ſome ſucceeding papers of this real and great Genius, concerning which, ſee notes on our ſecond Book.

Nor

Nor theſe our darling Chiefs, from partial care, 285
The higheſt honours of our Empire ſhare,
Let all our Sons, in Emulation, riſe;
And he who moſt atchieves ſhall claim the victor's prize.

11 | 7 | 49

The End of the First BOOK.